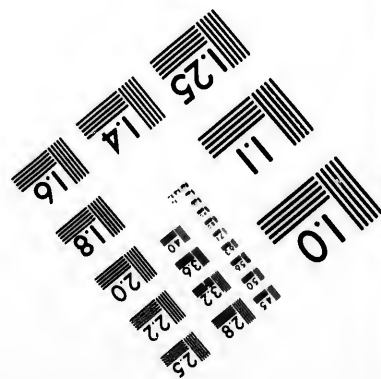
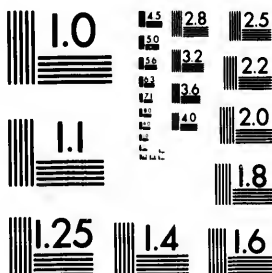


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I

1416
7
LITTLE NOBODY:

A Fairy Play for Fairy People.

BY

F. A. D.



TORONTO
ADAM, STEVENSON & CO.
1875.

DIXON, F. A.

W. G. Gibson, Printer.
Hunter, Rose & Co., Binders.

TO THE
CHILDREN OF THEIR EXCELLENCIES;

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN.

THE

Merry Little Party of Actors,

FOR

Whose Christmas Fun these Plays were written,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME,

With this as sole excuse for its nonsense,

IS

Affectionately Dedicated.

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LITTLE NOBODY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

—o—

LITTLE NOBODY.—*A body whom everybody will find to be Somebody after all.*

TIM THE TOOTER.—*A poor musician who picks out his (s) own (n) oots, (with one finger), and this sells in the streets. Afterwards — ! ! !*

THE OGRE.—*A true philanthropist—"nuff sed."*

THE OGRESS.—*Of all the dreadful, horrid wo—— But no! She is a woman, and the bonnet must be respected.*

PRINCESS SUNNYLOCKS.—*A beauty in distress and white muslin, to whom his dress is most becoming.*

KING OF THE FAIRIES, and	} <i>Monarchs of the Glen ; no strangers to their Land-see-here.</i>
QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.	

VOICE OF AN UNSEEN HERALD.—*Though it may be called clar it cannot be said to have much body ; no matter.*

—o—

The Scene is laid somewhere in the East.

COSTUMES —Of any year sufficiently queer.

—o—

SCENE 1ST.—Interior of Tim's Cottage. SCENE 2ND.—Ogre Castle.

SCENE 3RD.—Same as Scene 1st.

SCENE 4TH.—The Enchanted Dell, and Haunt of the Fairies.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Government House, Ottawa,

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1876.

Little Nobody	- - - - -	Hon. Terence Blackwood.
Tim the Tooter	- - - - -	Viscount Clandeboye.
The Ogre	- - - - -	Captain Hamilton, A.D.C.
The Ogress	- - - - -	Captain Ward, A.D.C.
Princess Sunnylocks	- - - - -	Lady Helen Blackwood.
King of the Fairies	- - - - -	Mr. Edward Littleton.
Queen of the Fairies	- - - - -	Miss Margaret Littleton.
Herald	- - - - -	Mr. Algernon Littleton.
Fairies:	{ Dew Drop	- - - - - Hon. Basil Blackwood.
	{ Fernseed	- - - - - Mr. Algernon Littleton.
	{ Rosebud	- - - - - Lady Hermione Blackwood.
	{ Dayseye	- - - - - Lady Victoria Blackwood.

Cottag

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LITTLE NOBODY.

SCENE I.

Cottage of TIM THE TOOTER. Enter TIM, L., holding penny whistle in his hand.

TIM.

'M hungry, hot, and tired!

(Throws whistle off).

Ugh! you thing!

What good are you, that can't a copper bring?

I've played selections of my choicest airs

Through all the fashionable streets and squares;

And then, as high art clearly didn't do,

I gave them all the discords that I knew—

A trick that's good. Ha! Money oft they pay

To get such harmony to go away.

The more I played, the more they wouldn't give;

How do they think we poor musicians live?

The world has all packed up, gone out of town;

I'm sunburnt—but I hav'nt got a "brown."

I did expect at least a slice of mutton,—

My expectations were not worth a button.

Why, when I played an air to "area belles,"

They hissed, and pelted me with oyster shells.

Ah, that was hard; but what now makes it harder,

I fear there's not a crust left in the larder.

(Goes towards L. Crier's bell heard. TIM looks off L.)

Why what is this? Dear me! why, well I never!

HERALD (*outside*). Oyes ! Oyes ! Take notice, whom-somdever
It may concern. Lost, strayed, or stolen, too,
Is Princess Sunnylocks, the young and booo-
tiful young daughter of the king. Her pa
Is quite distracted ; likewise so's her ma.

TIM. What's that you say ? The princess gone ! Pray
where ?

HER. Her dress was white, with rosebuds in her hair ;
Her things were in the very latest fashion,
And round her waist she had a blue silk sash on.
If any one will bring, or send, by carrier,
This lovely princess, then that man shall marry her.

TIM. Marry the princess Sunnylocks ! Oh, my !
I wish that I could find her ! Shall I try ?
If I succeed, she's mine. I will ! Here goes !
(*Calling to Herald, outside*).

Where has she gone ?

HER. You dunce ! Nobody knows.

TIM. Nobody knows. Oh, does ne ? then I'll ask him.
But how ? Ah, there's the rub ; no joke to task him.
Stay, now I think, my old nurse used to say
Whenever I was in a "naughty way,"—
Though I can't see however he could tell her,—
That "Mister Nobody was in the cellar."

(*Goes to trap-door, C., and lifts it.*)

If Nobody's down there, why Nobody will come.
Hi ! Nobody ! I want you ! Hi ! Perhaps he's dumb ;
Perhaps he's deaf, or dead ; how can I tell !
Perhaps he's very ill ; perhaps he's ——

Nobody (*below*.)

Well ?

(TIM *peers down, then puts in his arm and gropes about.*)

TIM. Hullo ! What's this ? Dear me ; it really feels
Extremely like a pair of human heels.

(Business. TIM pulls out a shoe, then another. NO-
BODY rises and seats himself on the R. edge of trap,
legs inside. TIM sits crosslegged, facing him NO-
BODY carries a black bottle in his hand, corked. He
puts on his shoes.)

Whyever were you standing on your head ?

NOBODY. Oh that's the way I always go to bed.

TIM. What ! upside down ! Why, nobody does that.

NOBODY. I'm Nobody, though sometimes called the
" Cat."

(They rise and come forward.)

Look here, when visitors in seaside places
Find trinkets vanish without leaving traces,
I did it ; 'twas the " Cat " they always say.
But when in school some youngster all in play
Lets off a cracker, or, cram full of fun,
Puts his pet dormouse on the floor to run,
Or ties tom cats at night with string to bells,
Or makes experiments with nasty smells,—
Boys do such things—Why Nobody's to blame.

TIM. I must confess you have an ugly name.

NOBODY. Who breaks the windows ? I ! Who rings the
bell

And runs away ? Of course it's Nobody can tell.

Nobody's business, too, is every where,

On desert islands Nobody is there.

Things other folks can't tell Nobody knows ;

He only knows how all the money goes ;

He knows your thoughts ; he knows who took the jam ;

He knows, quite well, who told that shocking " cram."

He knows the reason of your fine black eye;
 He knows what's inside everybody's pie;
 Knows where they've dined, and what they've had for
 dinner.

TIM. His nose is everywhere, in fact, the sinner.

NOBODY. He heard your voice behind the garden gate.
 He saw you kiss your pretty cousin Kate.
 He saw you when you climbed the garden wall,
 And when the bulldog bit, he heard you bawl.

(Laughs.)

Well, what d'ye want, my friend? Pray, what's the
 matter?

TIM. Fact is, *(hesitates)* you see—you're so polite.

NOBODY. Don't flatter.

TIM. I only want to marry the Princess.

NOBODY. *(Sarcastically)* That's all? Perhaps you'd like
 the moon!

TIM. should.

NOBODY. Or sun?

TIM. The daughter's what I want.

NOBODY. That's good!

I like new jokes.

TIM. The Princess Sunnylocks is lost.

NOBODY. I know! you want her. Well, d'ye know the
 cost?

Come here!

(Feels TIM's muscle: business.)

You'll have to fight. An Ogre's got her!

TIM. Ogr-acious me!

NOBODY. Of course. He's going to pot her;

(Makes signs of eating.)

He'd pot a Princess just as soon as prawns.

TIM. Where is she? Tell me quickly, I'm on thorns.
The lovely Princess pickled! What a sore sight!
Here friend! bring out your wisdom, quick, and foresight.

(NOBODY feels in all his pockets as if he had lost something.)

NOBODY. Not there! Perhaps I put it in my hat.

TIM. Put what?

NOBODY. My foresight.

TIM. Nobody does that.

(NOBODY takes big spectacle case from his hat, puts enormous spectacles on his nose, and takes up his bottle, uncorking it.)

What is it now?

NOBODY. Wisdom, I keep it here.

TIM. Why nobody keeps wisdom, sir, like bottled beer.

(NOBODY takes a long drink.)

NOBODY. I'll help you, Tim. Your father once helped me.

I'm not ungrateful, though I'm Nobody.

One good turn well deserves another. See,

There is your Princess plain as plain can be.

(Back of scene opens, and shows interior of Ogre's Castle, Ogre standing over Princess, who is kneeling. Lime light. Scene closes.)

TIM. Plain! why she's lovely! Here, make haste, let's go,

I want to kill that fellow; don't be slow.

NOBODY. Perhaps, friend Tim, you'd better wait a bit. First you want clothes, then money; lastly, wit.

There are your clothes *(points off L.)*

TIM. How fine! *(goes off L.)*

NOBODY. I hope they'll fit.
I couldn't take your measure in a minuit. (*Looks off L.*)
What's that!

TIM. A button gone.

NOBODY. That's nothing; pin it.

TIM. All right! (*loud tear heard*) Hullo!

NOBODY. What now!

TIM. A frightful slit.

NOBODY. Just pin it up again; you must'n't sit.

(*Enter TIM, L., dressed in splendid clothes.*)

Well how's the suit?

TIM. It fits me like a glove.

NOBODY. A suit should be a pressing one in love.

You'll do, my friend, and here's the glass to show you.

(*Business. NOBODY holding glass while TIM turns and twists his body to see himself.*)

TIM. Why, Tim, upon my word I shouldn't know you,
You are a swell at last. I always knew it.

(*NOBODY walks round him, arranging dress.*)

NOBODY. A trifle pale! a touch of rouge will do it.

(*Takes out rouge pot and hare's foot.*)

TIM. What's that! (*smells*) it's paint! poof!

NOBODY. Let me put a dash on.

You're really nowhere if you're not in fashion.

(*Rouges cheeks, then gives hat.*)

Your hat, sir.

TIM. Oh!

NOBODY. Your gloves, sir, (*gives gloves.*)

TIM. Ah!

NOBODY. Your cane (*gives cane.*)

TIM. How many more! (*business, TIM putting on gloves, &c., awkwardly; cane gets between his legs.*)

NOBODY.

One thing you want.

TIM.

Again!

NOBODY. Well, Tim "the Tooter," you must have a name!

Count Pennywhistle's title you can claim.

Here is your money, (*gives purse.*)

Now then, let me think.

Ha! Here's my bottle; take a good long drink.

(*TIM drinks from bottle.*)

Well, how d'ye feel? As if your wits were growing?

TIM. Hem! Yes, I feel a kind of warmness flowing, Creeping and crawling through my head; what fun!

I feel as if I'd like to make a pun,

Or else a riddle—Here's the very thing!

Why is a poor old cobbler like a king?

D'ye give it up! Because —

NOBODY.

Oh! poof! that's stale!

TIM. Why then is a monkey very like a whale?

You ought to know. (*Laughs, and pokes him playfully in the ribs.*)

NOBODY.

Here! come! you've had enough?

Your head can't stand too much of that strong stuff.

Give me the bottle. Not another drain!

No more, or you'll get riddles on the brain.

TIM. Why is a water-wagtail like a —

NOBODY.

Bah!

TIM. When is a barber not a barber? —

NOBODY.

(*Disgusted*) Ah!

TIM. When he's a shaving. See?

NOBODY.

I don't. Here! Come!

The Ogre dotes on riddles, save him some.

TIM. What is your plan then, "stranger, quickly tell."

NOBODY. Look here, I know the Ogre very well.
We'll make a morning call on Mrs. O.
She gives a picnic in a day or so.
To ask you there I'm sure she'll be delighted.

TIM. The game is all our own if once invited.

NOBODY. We'll have such fun.

TIM.

We will !

NOBODY.

I'll plague and tease them.

While you can do your very best to please them.

TIM. Then for the Princess !

NOBODY.

I'll just give a cough (*coughs.*)

And while I take them in, you take her off.

TIM. Where is the place ?

NOBODY.

A thousand miles away.

We'll go by telegraph. We need'nt pay.

For Nobody pays nothing, and you're safe with me.

Folks never see you with a nobody.

Exeunt L.



SCENE II.

Interior of OGRE's Castle. Princess SUNNYLOCKS discovered asleep on sofa, back R. C. Enter OGRESS, R., with cookery book in one hand, and big spoon in the other.

OGRESS. (*Reads*) "Receipts to fatten little girls and boys"—

I wish they'd give receipts to stop their noise—

"Take Thorley's food for cattle, Dublin stout,

"Then mix the two"—with something else, no doubt,
But how to get it down, ah! that's the battle.

(*Turns over page, reads.*)

"With Dublin stout and Thorley's food for cattle."

Twice over! Oh, they fatten here by *doublin'*.

Dear me this cooking business is most troublin'.

Here's my last poem on the "Evening Sky"

Unfinished still. (*Takes paper from pocket.*) My muse,
suppose we try. (*Reads, affectedly.*)

"O evening sky; O gentle evening sky!

"Whose mild, mendacious, and meandering moons

"Look down and listen to the soothing sigh

"From limpid lovers, side by side, like spoons."

How sweet! *reads* "O evening sky, O evening sky"—

OGRE. (*Outside.*) Now then, ma'am; how about that
baby pie!

(*Exit OGRESS hurriedly L.*)

(*Enter OGRE R. holding stew-pan in one hand, a
big spoon in the other.*)

OGRE. Mum! mum! How good it smells! Ah! here's a dinner.

What's this? My favorite dish as I'm a sinner.

Boiled babies' pettitoes. (*Calls.*) Come, wife, make haste,

Dinner! Ah! what a wife! She knows my taste.

I dote on babies. Pretty pets, I love 'em

Roast, stewed or boiled, with parsley sauce above 'em.

They're always good.

(*Sings in a gruff, harsh tone.*)

Baby, baby bunting

The OGRE's gone a-hunting

To get a saucepan made of tin

To boil the little baby in.

So says the poet, which his name was Jones.

If Jones were only here I'd pick his bones.

Oh, I love poets, tender gushing things,

With bacon skewered on their liver wings.

Fresh, young and juicy. I don't like your *dried 'un*.

Some like them boiled, but I prefer a fried 'un

"Served up *en papillote* in his last sonnet"—

Delicious! I can't bear to think upon it.

Soldiers are tough—I leave the Bony-part.

Old maid preserved does taste a little tart.

Artists are oily. Lawyers disagree.

Sailors are salt, and doctors—doctor me.

Once, only once, I tried a chimney sweep.

Ugh! he *was* nasty! (*Goes to Princess.*)

Ah! she's fast asleep.

So pretty and so plump! (*Pinches her cheeks.*)

Such rosy cheeks !

How nice she'll be, say, in a brace of weeks.

(Pinches her arm ; Princess wakes up rubbing it.

PRINCESS. Flies and mosquitoes ! Oh ! it's only you.

(Comes down.)

I wish you'd let me sleep an hour or two.

You're always pinching me, or patting me, or petting.

OGRE. I only wished to see how fat you're getting.

PRINCESS. Fat ! always fat ! Whatever do you mean ?

OGRE. A girl is good for nothing if she's lean.

PRINCESS. Good ! I'm not good.

OGRE. *(Insinuatingly.)* With oyster sauce, or caper,
you'll not be bad.

PRINCESS. *(Screams.)* I'll write, sir, to the paper !
I'll tell papa ! I'll disagree with you. I will !

See if I don't !

OGRE. *(Philosophically.)* Well, then, I'll take a pill.

PRINCESS. I wish my arms were only good—

OGRE. To roast ?

PRINCESS. These fingers, sir, should serve you out—

OGRE. On toast ?

PRINCESS. Those handsome eyes of yours would soon
be spoiled.

OGRE. *(Meditatively.)* Perhaps though after all she'd
be best boiled.

PRINCESS. I wish papa were here, he'd have you
killed.

I should be free, and then !—

OGRE. Be nicely grilled.

PRINCESS. At least a female tongue cannot be tied ;
That still can scold, ah !

OGRE. Not, miss, when it's fried.
I'm very cool, but temper I can't hold.

Hot meals I like, and hear my dinner ('s) cold !
 Take care, miss, pray take care ! Why, what a fuss
 About a fellow's supper ! might be ' wuss ' :
 A miss the more or less, what does it matter ?

(Loud noise off L., rattling of chains.)

Why, what's the meaning of this horrid clatter ?

(Exit L.)

PRINCESS.

(Clasping her hands.)

Oh dear ! Oh dear ! Whatever can be done ?

It's past a joke. The monster's not in fun !

He's like a spider. I'm the little fly.

I wish I was'nt nice inside a pie.

I'll run away ! I'll scream ! I'll not be eaten !

(Enter TIM, L., rapidly. She flies to him.)

TIM. You shan't, miss, not until I'm killed or beaten.

PRINCESS. You've come to save me !

TIM.

Hush ! the Ogre's near.

He's puffing up the stairs. You're safe ! don't fear !

To-morrow there's a picnic. Here's the progr—

'Am with champagne, cold chicken and cold ogre.

PRINCESS. I see. Who are you, sir ?

TIM.

I'm not alarming.

(Aside.) She's quite divine !

PRINCESS. (Aside.) He's really very charming.

TIM. Alas, I'm just a poor musician, miss.

PRINCESS. Out here, I'm much a-miss, a lass !

You may be poor ; I'm sure you're brave and true.

(TIM puts arm round her waist.)

TIM. I could'nt, dear, be otherwise to you.

PRINCESS. (Laughing, and removing his arm.)

What's this ! Suppose you just put back that paw,

Until you've known me a few minutes more.

(Enter OGRESS and NOBODY. OGRE following.)

TIM. I've made acquaintance with your lovely daughter.

OGRE. (*Aside.*) I must dissemble—must'nt say I caught her.

(*Aloud.*) Poor girl! A near relation! Will be nearer.

TIM. A family marriage?

OGRE. Hem! A union dearer.

TIM. (*Aside.*) Old rascal!

OGRE. Ah! her story's very sad.

She's lost her wits; in fact the maid is mad.

Mad as a hatter! Thinks she's a Princess.

TIM. Poor thing! that's very mad I must confess.

(*To OGRESS.*)

Madam, I've heard, like all the world beside,

Your charming poem on the "Frozen Bride,"

So full of sentiment, refined and gushing.

You're quite a poet——

OGRESS.

Pray, excuse my blushing.

(*TIM goes up talking with OGRE. OGRESS takes NOBODY aside.*)

Who is your charming friend? I must invite him.

I've got a little picnic,——

NOBODY.

You'll delight him.

He's name's Count Pennywhistle, he's a poet.

A trifle queer, perhaps, but does'nt show it.

Knows languages by dozens, riddles by the score.

Can do a dozen things besides, or more,†

(*OGRE comes down listening. TIM talks to PRINCESS.*)

If there's a clever fellow out, it's he.

OGRE. (*Aside.*) Stewed in port wine, dear me, how nice he'll be,

NOBODY. He writes too for the Press, the great
"Diurnal."

He'll put your parties in the new Court Journal.

OGRE. (*Aside.*) I'll stick to port, can't swallow a
reporter.

NOBODY. (*Aside to TIM.*) I'll talk to them, you go
ahead and court her.

OGRESS. No doubt your friend is quite a man of 'ton.'

NOBODY. Moves in the best society, (*aside*) he does—
"move on."

He plays divinely on the flute.

OGRESS. He'll please us.

I dote on music. Is he rich?

NOBODY. As Cræsus.

His rent's enormous, (*aside*) so it is—behind.

OGRESS. I'll send a card at once.

NOBODY. You're very kind.

OGRESS. He's quite a lion, and they're rare these days.

NOBODY. He isn't proud, he's got such easy ways.

OGRE. (*Pointing to TIM behind, who has his arm around
PRINCESS.*)

His ways *are* easy, I should say.

NOBODY. (*Aside.*) The dunce!

(*TIM turns to OGRE and talks, OGRE laughs.*)

(*Aloud.*) His *way's* to make himself at home at once.

OGRESS. Her *waist's* at any rate no *waste* of time.

NOBODY. These foreigners don't think that any crime.
It's all politeness, why, he'd go and do

The very self-same thing next week to you.

OGRESS. (*Simperingly.*) Dear me, these foreign ways
are odd.

(*OGRE comes down with TIM, laughing;
he slaps him on the back.*)

OGRE. That's good.

OGRESS. We have a little picnic in the wood,
Tomorrow, Count; you'll come if not too tied?

TIM. Delighted, if you'll read the "Frozen Bride."

OGRESS. Oh, count, what charming compliments you
pay.

TIM. Madam, I kiss your hand. (*Kisses her hand.*)

OGRESS. La! Count!

TIM. Good day.

NOBODY. (*To OGRESS.*) Oh, that's the custom in his
native land.

OGRESS. Indeed! (*Aside.*) Perhaps he'll kiss the
other hand.

(*Puts out left hand, and turns her head away, TIM does
not see it, but speaks to PRINCESS. The
OGRE comes behind and slaps it.*)

OGRE. (*With suppressed passion.*) In Turkey you can
do as turkeys do.

Not here—

TIM. Good day!

OGRESS. (*Sweetly.*) Good afternoon!

TIM. (*Kissing his hand privately to PRINCESS.*) Adieu!

(*PRINCESS returns kiss. Exit TIM and
NOBODY L.; the OGRE following.*)

OGRESS. A most distinguished person, so refined.
As for his customs, well, hem! I don't mind.
I'll put him in a poem!—

PRINCESS. In a pie
You ought to say.

OGRESS. You little minx! Oh fie!
An arm around *my* waist I would'nt stand.

PRINCESS. I know you stood a kiss upon your hand.
 OGRESS. That's nothing—

PRINCESS. Oh ! If you were not so old !

OGRESS. Old ! I'm not old, miss ! Come, you're very bold.

PRINCESS. Besides, you're bald. You know you've got false hair.

OGRESS. It's all my own !—

PRINCESS. You bought it then !

OGRESS. You dare !

PRINCESS. You paint. You know you do ; I saw you. There !

(OGRESS runs to her and shakes her. Scene closes in.)



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SCENE III.

Interior of TIM'S Cottage, as before. Enter TIM, R.

TIM. My Princess Sunnylocks! How I do love her.
The ground she treads on, and the sky above her.
Her eyes, her mouth, her hair, her chin, her nose,
Her taper fingers, and her tiny toes.
The air she breathes, the sun—she looked upon it.
Her worn-out shoes, and her best Sunday bonnet.
Tim, this won't do! (*feels pulse.*) A hundred in the shade
I'm going mad about that little maid.
I'm desperately deep in love, that's clear.
I can't be happy till I get my dear.
I've found a treasure. (*Takes paper out of breast, undoes
it carefully and shows a pin.*)
Just a little pin.

She wore it once. (*Looks at pin affectionately.*)

Ah! short but sweet!

(*Kisses it; it pricks him. Rap heard.*)

Come in!

(*Enter NOBODY carrying enormous letter, TIM opens it,
and takes out two big cards, inscribed "Mr. Ogre,
Ogre Castle," and "Mrs. Ogre, At Home."*)

NOBODY. The ticket's come to see the lions fed;
Reserved seats extra, sixpence more a head.
We'll have a private box.

(*Strikes attitude of sparring, turning towards L.I.E., when
FAIRY QUEEN enters in cloak as old woman, carrying
big umbrella, with which she wards off his blows.*)

FAIRY. Young man, take care.
A poor old woman has no teeth to spare.

NOBODY. I'm only practising.

FAIRY. Well, spare your blows,
(*Meaningly.*) Perhaps you'll want them for the Ogre's
nose.

TIM. (*Aside.*) The Ogre's nose! She knows the Ogre!
Pray

Ma'am who are you? Can you assist us? Say.

FAIRY. I am your fairy godmother.

TIM. How queer!

I didn't know I had one.

FAIRY. Yes, my dear.

I know your wish, the Princess you would gain,
But first of all the Ogre must be slain.

(*Produces big pair of goloshes from under cloak,
one with a great tear in it.*)

See the goloshes of your sire! You won't refuse,
I'm sure, to step into your father's shoes.

Once on, they'll take you off, a mile a minute.

TIM. They're rather old! (*shows rent*) A tear!

FAIRY. Well, you can pin it.

TIM. These venerable relics should, I think, be *sold*.

NOBODY. Well, Nobody will buy them. Come, Tim!

FAIRY. Hold!

Here, take this magic flute, which, when you play,
Sends all who listen fast asleep.

TIM. Hooray!

I see! When they're all fast asleep we'll fly.

FAIRY. Whatever happens, I shall be close by.
Don't be afraid; if he should wake, just call.

TIM. I'm not afraid of Ogres, not at all—
When they're asleep that is.

NOBODY.

Now then, we're late.

His temper's horrid if you make him wait.

It's never very sweet.

TIM.

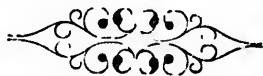
Come then, away!

(Puts goloshes under arm.)

My sole's in arms, and eager for the fray!

NOBODY. *(To FAIRY.)* The tooter, fay, 's in earnest,
tout à fait.

*(Music plays "Sabre Song," from "Grand Duchess,"
all march round stage, dance, and exit L.)*



SCENE IV.

The enchanted dell. Big moss-covered trunk of tree C. back, practicable to fall down in front; tree at R. wing, basket with big loaf and pie, etc., at foot. The King of the Fairies discovered leaning on golden axe.

FAIRY KING. Twice fifty years have passed since mortal tread

Has touched the enchanted dell so fair and dread.
The woodsmen shun it, and the peasants all
With trembling feet avoid our waterfall.
The village maidens pass another way,—
But sounds of voices fill the woods to-day.

(Eater NOBODY, L.)

Ha ! Cousin Nobody, you're welcome here,
As sailors say, " My hearty, come, what cheer ? "

NOBODY. I want your aid to spoil a little fun.

KING. With pleasure, what !

NOBODY.

An Ogre's pic-nic.

KING. (Shaking hands.)

Done !

I hate these mortal pic-nics in the wood,
They spoil the grass with corks and scraps of food,
With empty bottles, mess of every kind,
And leave a smell of ham and beer behind
That lasts for weeks.

NOBODY.

See, here's the pic-nic spread.

KING. Oh ! very good.

(Touches loaf, pie, etc.)

They'll find that's fairy bread.

Let's see what we can do to raise that pie.

(Croak of a bull-frog heard, NOBODY fetches it and puts it in pie.)

NOBODY. This gentleman will do, he's raised a cry.

KING. There's cayenne pepper for their tart and
custard.

(Sprinkles pepper.)

NOBODY. A little sand would much improve their
mustard.

(Sprinkles sand.)

There, that will do; they're coming, I'll be off.

(Exit L.)

KING. We'll teach these bold invaders not to scoff.
The sounds approach within my Queen's own bower!
Beware rash strangers! dread the fairies' power.

(Goes off R., calling.)

Beware! Beware! Beware! Beware!

*(Enter OGRESS and OGRE L.; the OGRE has a rope,
the other end of which is round the waist of
the PRINCESS, who follows.)*

OGRE. I swear

I heard the sound of voices in the air.

OGRESS. There's no one here; it's fancy. Come on,
dear.

OGRE. It may be fancy, but it's very queer.

OGRESS. Ah! here we are. Let's lay the cloth; be
quick.

*(OGRESS arranges contents of basket on the
ground R., at foot of side tree.)*

OGRE. I'll tie this olive branch here to a stick.

(Ties PRINCESS to tree R., then assists OGRESS.)

PRINCESS. I wish this olive branch could shoot, you'd
find

She'd take her leaf, and leave her trunk behind.

OGRE. That trunk, my dear, 's a perfect saratoga.
You won't move that. (*Ironically.*) Don't leave your
poor old Ogre.

OGRESS. (*Reading from letters.*) "The Ladies Mangel-
Wurzel much regret
They've all got coughs and colds through getting wet."
"The Dowager Duchess Drumstick must decline."

No reason! Very rude! That's twenty-nine.

OGRE. (*Taking up letter.*) What's this? From Admiral
Fitz Mizen.

OGRESS. That's enough!

OGRE. The Admiral sends compliments; he's old
and tough.

He thinks he'd not be nice if broiled or stewed.

He hopes you won't be vexed.

OGRESS. He's very rude.

PRINCESS. What fun! I hope they'll all decline.

OGRE. Ha! stay, by

Jove! "P.S., Where's Mrs. Jones' baby?"

That's most unkind! I did the best I could.

I put the darling where it did most good.

OGRESS. It's all your fault. Why did I marry you?

OGRE. You couldn't help it; handsome men are few.

OGRESS. We're a most ill-matched pair.

OGRE. Why, bless my stars!

Your *jargon Nell's* preserved in family jars.

What more dy'e want? Come, stop this silly raving.

Its constitutional with me, this little craving.

OGRESS. Society, it's clear, is growing very shy.

OGRE. (*Mockingly.*) To think society won't taste that
pie!

OGRESS. In fact, this time, I really almost fear

That nobody is coming—

(Enter NOBODY and TIM, L.)

NOBODY. (*Aside to TIM.*) Nobody is here.

My dearest Mrs. Ogre. How d'ye do?

My friend Count Pennywhistle. (To OGRE.)

How are you?

OGRE. Hungry! Now then, sit down, don't wait, I'm starving.

Sit down, Count, you're an artist, do some carving.

(*They all sit round luncheon, TIM nearest to PRINCESS.*

Through lunch he feeds her secretly with a fork.)

OGRESS. Our party's small.

NOBODY. (*Aside.*) They're all afraid to come.

OGRE. I'm glad they stayed away.

OGRESS.

My dear!

OGRE.

I'm dumb.

OGRESS. The Dowager Duchess Drumstick was expected.

(To TIM.) You know the Duchess?

TIM. (*Aside.*)

I shall be detected.

(*Aloud.*) Not in my set.

OGRESS. Dear Duchess! she's out dining.

She sent me such a charming note declining.

NOBODY. Pray let me fill your glass.

OGRESS.

A little drop.

There now, that's quite enough; Oh, pray do stop.

(NOBODY winks at TIM. *She empties glass.*)

You mustn't wink at me, you naughty man.

NOBODY. Your charms quite dazzle me.

OGRESS.

Oh, where's my fan?

(*Sentimentally.*) How sweet this is beneath the spreading trees.

OGRE. This spread's far better. (*To TIM.*) Champagne ?

TIM. If you please.

NOBODY. (*To OGRESS.*) Your glass is empty. (*NOBODY fills glass.*)

OGRESS. Colonel, you're too kind.

I really couldn't.

NOBODY. Nonsense, never mind. (*Fills glass.*
(*OGRESS appears not to see, but presently drinks it.*)

OGRESS. Come, let me send you all some chicken pie.

NOBODY. Excuse me, marm, but did it ever cry ?

OGRESS. La, General, what a joke !

OGRE. (*Coughing.*) Some wine ?

OGRESS. You must.

NOBODY. (*Aside.*) The wine that's crusted, not the
whine in crust.

(*OGRESS opens pie, the frog jumps out and off L,*
OGRESS screams. The pie moves off L.,
OGRE tries to stop it.)

OGRE. Of all the funny things ! A walking dish !

NOBODY. We only want, besides, the talking fish.

OGRESS. Well, come, we've something left ; I'll take
some bread.

(*OGRE takes up loaf, it moves off L., OGRE*
follows and brings it back ; it gets away
again, off L.)

OGRE. The place must be enchanted, or my head—

TIM. (*Rising.*) No matter, here's the wine, I give
a toast.

Our charming hostess and our noble host.

(*TIM holds cup secretly to PRINCESS'S*
mouth ; she drinks.)

As for these queer disturbances at lunch,

Perhaps there's something in the air —

NOBODY.

Or punch.

OGRE. (*Rising.*) Ladies and gentlemen.

ALL.

Hear! Hear!

OGRE.

For self and wife.

This is the proudest moment of my life.

Whistle, my boy, I'm glad to see you.

(*Claps TIM on back.*)

TIM.

Oh!

OGRE. Things have'nt gone, perhaps, as things should go.

There's something scientific in the air.

(*An enormous hornet hovers over his head.*)

There's nothing left to eat.

TIM. (*Looking at PRINCESS.*) We'll take your fair.

(*Hornet settles on OGRE's head.*)

OGRE. (*Starting*) Oh! Oh! Do take it off!

I'm stung! My head!

(*Business. NOBODY striking at hornet with big branch, but purposely hitting the OGRE's head each time.*)

OGRE. There, that will do! Hi! don't!

NOBODY.

There now, it's dead.

(*They sit; OGRE drinks a cup of wine.*)

(*Enter FAIRY disguised as old woman in cloak, L.*)

FAIRY. Please give a poor old woman just a bite.

OGRESS. Be off, old woman, you'll not get a mite.

FAIRY. I'll tell your fortunes.

OGRESS.

That's another matter.

Let's go for fun, and hear her silly chatter.

(*They all gather round FAIRY, except PRINCESS. She takes the OGRESS' hand. Tremulous music during the following.*)

FAIRY. Heavy hand and cruel heart,
Soon 'twill be your turn to smart.
(*She takes OGRE's hand.*)

Hand so greedy, hard and cruel.
Soon you'll suffer in a duel.
(*She takes TIM's hand.*)

Hand so bold to do and dare.
There's a secret in the air.
(*She goes to PRINCESS and looks at her hand.*)
Pretty face and gentle hand,
Weds the king of all this land.

And so, good morning, gentle folks.

OGRE. Be off. (*Exit Fairy.*)
That's fine!

She's like a shower bath. Come Count, some wine!
(*They all sit down again.*)

OGRESS. Do play us something, Count, to cheer us up.
My nerves are quite upset.

TIM. (*Aside.*) Your nerves! You fright!

OGRESS. What's that you say?

TIM. I'd play for you all night.
(*Plays "Vilikins and his Dinah."*)

OGRESS. That's lovely! Ah! I dote on music so!
I've learnt, (*sings,*) do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do.

TIM. You sing ma'am like (*aside*) a peacock.

OGRESS. What d'ye say?

TIM. I'd listen to that charming voice all day.

It's like a nightingale's, so sweet and low.

OGRESS. You're so polite.

TIM. Oh not at all. (*Aside.*) Old crow!

OGRE. Play on, do, Count, but pray don't feel surprise.
I so enjoy good music when I close my eyes.
(*TIM plays.*)

Music has charms to—

(Falls asleep, snores.

OGRESS.

Oh! how nice! *(Snores.)*

TIM.

They're off!

(Goes to PRINCESS and cuts her bonds. She is fast asleep.)

The magic music's made her sleepy too.

Wake up! She's fast asleep! What shall we do?

NOBODY. The fairy boots will carry her away.

(They lift PRINCESS, but stumble backwards, TIM over the OGRE, NOBODY over the OGRESS, all wake and start up.)

OGRE. Ho! Ho! my friend, so that's your game!

Just stay!

(OGRE seizes big bough, combat between OGRE and TIM, with a fork. OGRESS sits upon NOBODY. TIM falls; OGRE is going to strike, when the FAIRY KING enters and strikes up his club.)

FAIRY KING. You're trespassing out here on my domain.

Stay, do not move: you, Ogre, must remain.

This place is haunted; 'tis the Fairies dell,

And thus around you all I weave my spell.

(Waves his axe in the air, rocks at back open, showing interior of fairies' grotto; fairie in group, FAIRY QUEEN in centre at back.)

(To the OGRE.) For fifteen hundred years you'll keep your seat,

Until your ears are long enough to meet.

NOBODY. The only meat you'll get, friend Ogre, maybe.

OGRE. I'll never, never eat another baby.

They're nasty little things; they're always squalling,

Kicking and screaming, howling, yelling, bawling.
I only eat 'em from a sense of duty.

Do let me off, sir! I'm an orphan—

NOBODY.

Beauty!

FAIRY KING. (*To OGRESS.*) You're fond of writing,
here's no end of leaves.

You're both *pen'd* up; *ink*-cluded like two thieves.
These trees you'll find polite, not like your spouse.
You make your courtseys, and they'll make their *boughs*.

OGRESS. This *curt* address is not at all in fashion.

(*Aside.*) If nobody were here, I'd fly in such a passion.

PRINCESS. To see them printed she'll not have the
bliss.

NOBODY. When spring time's gone, perhaps she'll
printemps, miss.

FAIRY QUEEN. The Princess now is free. (*To*

PRINCESS.) Before you go,

Say, can you give your hand to this young beau?

PRINCESS. With all my heart.

(*Gives hand to TIM, who kisses it.*)

FAIRY QUEEN. Then learn a secret.

When a child at play

By gypsies he was stolen far away.

Yes, Tim the Tooter, you're of noble birth;

Son of the greatest emperor on earth.

Your noble actions equal, too, your rank,

Though, after all, you've Nobody to thank.

Remember this; be good to all you meet,

And don't despise the beggar in the street;

Nobody knows what he may come to be,

A prince, a peasant, or—a nobody.

NOBODY. (*To audience.*) If we have pleased you with
our little play,
Perhaps you'll show it in the usual way.

(*Stops a moment.*)

Nobody knows how many are our flaws.
Nobody thanks you for your kind applause.

(*Coloured fires.*)

FAIRY KING.

NOBODY.

PRINCESS.

TIM.

OGRESS.

OGRE.

CURTAIN.



